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man of F. Hey by H. W. Dulcken, (Routledge & Co.) Tabling these backwards, we may soon dispose of the little merit that gilds the "Picture Fables" and "The Prince of Peace"—the first of which is a mere child's book of art, proper in the "Kinder Garten," where, we believe, it may be popular, but innocent to us of those profound meanings, "objective and subjective," which German intellect finds in its barren outlines and barren verse, and the second a good selection of religious verse from poets of the highest rank, very poorly illustrated. There is some imagination in the *Streak of Light* by Mr. Birket Foster—but the rest of the pictures are naught—the worn-out and washed-out illustrations of a thousand sunrises, Rachels, and Jerusalems. Poe's strange and morbid verse, so full of picture, mystery, and suggestion, is a mine tempting the artistic illustrator; and most of the gentlemen engaged in illustrating this volume, show that they love their work. We particularly like the drawings of Mr. Cropsey, as being more fresh, and broad, and weird, than those of his English rivals. His *Coliseum* is the Coliseum, as it stands in the darkness of a Roman evening—not as it appears in the light of any imaginable book of choice engravings. His *Uialume*, again, has the terrible blackness and mystery of an American forest in the depths of an October night, as well as the passionate and solemn gloom of the poetic fancy it is meant to put visibly before the eye. Contrast this scene with the one immediately succeeding, an illustration of the same poet by Mr. Pickersgill, a picture not without prettiness of fancy and sombre accessories and the force and tenor of Mr. Cropsey's pencil become conspicuous. His *City in the Sea* is also a vivid representation of a scene of wreck and desolation. Mr. B. Foster is, as usual, graceful and fanciful, warm in tone, and joyous and free in outline. His landscapes, both in this volume and in those dedicated to the illustration of "The Home Affections," and of Bryant, are as delightful as Poussin's or Claude's, and we should like nothing better than to wander about in them, "with one fair spirit" for our minister, for all the days of our life. Mr. Dalziel's German-like simplicities and earnestness are also worthy of praise. Mr. Mackay has done his work in an able and conscientious manner, and it is not his fault, perhaps, that his poetical selections are rather melancholy fare for a Christmas party. Indeed, "The Home Affections," and the two volumes of American poetry, should find many admirers in the time of Christmas remembrances."

WESTPHALIA.—A committee, headed by the Minister Auerswald, and composed of leading citizens, has been organized for the purpose of raising funds for a monument to be erected in honor of the foremost German statesman of the eighteenth century, Baron Stein, who died at the chateau of Cappenberg, in Westphalia, June the 29th, 1881. The laudable ambition of paying appropriate homage, in this artistic manner, to the departed grandees of the land, is daily becoming stronger in the public mind of Germany.

SONNET.

"WELL-NIGH the voyage now is overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas and rude,
Draws nigh that common haven where at last
Of every action, be it evil or good,
Must due account be rendered. Well I know
How vain will then appear that favored art,
Sole Idol long, and Monarch of my heart,
For all is vain that man desires below.
And now remorseful thoughts the past upbraid,
And fear of twofold death my soul alarms,
That which must come, and that beyond the grave;
Picture and sculpture lose their feeble charms,
And to that Love divine I turn for aid,
Who from the cross extends his arms to save."

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, in his 86th Year.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1857.

Sketchings.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS, FRIENDS, AND READERS.

The number which we give to-day to the public completes our yearly volume, and the third year of our periodical labors. During the present year we have had sufficient encouragement to induce us to increase our efforts, and to call upon our friends to redouble their zeal in extending our list of subscribers. Our own humble object has been to make *THE CRAYON* the vehicle of the best and most practical thought in the community—to make it a welcome and worthy visitor of the homes of those who patronize it, and to suggest, as well as publish, sound and valuable opinions. All our contributors have generously aided us, and have taken the deepest interest in our success, not only by their valuable contributions, but also in many other respects. We have also to thank many of our newspaper brethren for the kind and flattering notices which they have continued to give us throughout the year.

Owing to the heavy calamities which have fallen on the whole country, and the consequent depression of the community, the success of *THE CRAYON* during the incoming year can only be effected through the friendly activity of its supporters. Every *CRAYON* subscriber has influence enough to put our paper on a firm footing, and to increase the sphere of its usefulness—every family into which our Journal goes can easily extend our circulation. We, therefore, give everybody alive to the importance of our Journal, a friendly invitation to secure its continued usefulness by increasing the list of its patrons. Shall our invitation be in vain?

We would also earnestly call upon our artist friends to coöperate and unite together, with a view of perpetuating the only organ they have ever had. As a body they have more than power enough to do so, and to accuse them of any deficiency of will in the matter is far from our thoughts. Zeal on their part will create zeal in the other branches of our community, and with the friendly countenance and aid of both, *THE CRAYON* can easily become worthy of them, and of the enlightened community in which it lives and has its being.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

The disposal of Mr. J. M. Burt's collection of pictures at auction, in the early part of last month, is a significant sign of the times in relation to Art. The attendance at the sale was large, and the bids were lively; we quote from the catalogue the prices obtained for the principal pictures. "The Flight on the Prairie," by W. Ranney, brought \$30; a "View near Lenox," by Oddie, \$32; "The Stolen Boy," by J. H. Cafferty, \$34; "The Alps, Simplon Pass," by J. F. Cropsey, \$110; "Hudson River, near Cold Spring," by W. Hart, \$30; "Harvesting," a sketch, by T. Cole, \$47 50; "New England Scenery," by J. F. Kensett, \$155; "Mountain Scenery," by the same artist, \$250; "Lake George," by the same, \$107; "Olden Time," by G. Inness, \$200; "Mountain Scenery," by D. W. C. Boutelle, \$81; "North River," by J. Doughty, \$42; "Autumnal Scene," by R. Gignoux, \$40; "Winter in New Hampshire," by the same artist, \$190; "Fanny Kemble," by G. Flagg, \$90; "Sheep—interior," by Robbe, of Brussels, \$60; "Summer, Middlebury, Vermont,"

by A. B. Durand, \$122; "The Coming Storm," by the same artist, \$280; "Summer, North Conway," by S. Coleman, \$45; "Lake George," by J. W. Casilear, \$67; "View at Denning's Point," by the same, \$41; "The Artist," by G. Wauters, of Antwerp, \$82; "Vermont Scenery," by J. M. Hart, \$38; "Scene on the Hudson," by the same artist, \$62; "View on the Schoharie," by S. R. Gifford, \$32; "Birch Trees," a study, by S. R. Shattuck, \$16; "Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury," a drawing by E. Leutze, \$67; "Jenny Lind," with autograph, by E. H. Corbould, of London, \$52. The gross amount realized by the sale is \$4,400. Most of the pictures in this collection were of cabinet size; they were selected with good judgment, and found ready purchasers, frequently bringing much above the prices paid for them. Considering the state of the times, the sale is a highly encouraging circumstance for artists, proving that the cause to which they are so faithfully devoted has a firm footing in the community, and that Art, tested by adversity, has a positive undeniable *money* value. We desire especially to call attention to the fact, that paintings and statuary—works of any description that embody the noble aspirations and sympathies of man—are the most profitable personal securities a merchant can hold; they are among the best material assets he can provide for creditors in this world, and the most reliable spiritual assets that can be placed to his credit upon the books of the world to come.

THE collection of paintings and statuary, formerly known as the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts, has at length found a home under the protecting wing of the New York Historical Society. We should have preferred to have seen the gallery an independent institution; but in recognizing the impossibility of such a thing at the present era of our civilization, we are only too glad to find the ideas embodied in the principle of its organization engrafted and flourishing upon the noble and healthy trunk of the Historical Society. The city now possesses a *free public gallery of works of Art*, accessible at suitable hours, and established so permanently as to attract donations, and justify the hope of future enlargement. This fact is the result of much labor, time, and money, and it is to be considered as the legitimate offspring and the final end of two separate Art enterprises, the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts and the American Art-Union. Whatever may have been the struggles or errors of these two institutions, they are now in this free gallery, both successful, and no praise is too great for those who have so patiently and disinterestedly managed matters to this important end. The idea of a free public gallery of Art in this city grew out of a collection of paintings formed by one of the noblest friends of Art, in relation to the times and place he lived in, that any country can boast of—that of Luman Reed. To save this collection from dismemberment, after the death of Mr. Reed, to carry onward the impulse of Mr. Reed's example, and to further the general interests of Art, the friends and associates of this gentleman contributed liberally to purchase his pictures for a public gallery. The gallery was organized and opened, but the soil in which it was planted was too sterile for its growth, and the result was, it subsided after an expensive effort, into the lofts of a warehouse; the responsibility and expense of its safe-keeping devolving upon its president, Jonathan Sturges, until time and a favorable opportunity should bring it to light again. The time has now come, and to Mr. Sturges is mainly due the preservation of the collection, and that fostering care which has given New York its first free public gallery of Art. All honor be to him for it;

his portrait should be placed in the same gallery, and by the side of his friend and partner, Luman Reed. With Mr. Sturges, the establishment of a public gallery is equally due to Mr. A. M. Cozzens, president of the American Art-Union. The history of this institution is too well known to need recapitulation; sufficient to say the final balance of its property is devoted to the increase of the gallery, and is placed in trust for that purpose. This act, wisely suggested by Mr. Cozzens, as the most fitting termination of the Art-Union as an institution, completes the conditions of the gallery's permanency. In assuming the responsibility of the gallery, the Historical Society have conferred a boon upon the city and upon artists which redounds greatly to its credit. The union of the two institutions is appropriate and of mutual service; long may it continue, as one of the beacon lights to cheer on those who have faith enough to undertake the service of Art in this community.

THE studios at this season present unusual attractiveness in the numerous studies made by artists during the summer. Mr. Kensett has visited the waters of the Upper Missouri, and brings back several studies of western scenery, which contribute to enlighten the curious about the landscape characteristics of that distant country. According to Mr. Kensett's faithful pencil we should not report very favorably on the picturesqueness of the West in comparison with the East. Mr. K. has in hand a landscape view near the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, from a sketch made during his late visit to Europe.—In Mr. Hicks' studio we find one or two sketches of Trenton Falls scenery, and a little gem, a study from Nature, with figures, called "Noon," which has become the property of Mrs. Fanny Kemble. Mr. Hicks, we believe, is about to commence his large picture of "The Literary Men of the Country," commissioned by Mr. W. P. Wright.—Mr. Heine has been camping-out in the wilds of the White Mountains, living upon game brought down by his own rifle, and in the meantime painting earnestly; his studio is decked with trophies of the chase, in addition to various trophies of the brush. Mr. H. also visited Mount Desert Island, and has accordingly given us a view of one of the light-house localities, which are truly the main (e) picturesque features of that wild, rock-bound coast.—Mr. W. Hart has been sojourning near the pleasant banks of the Esopus, in the vicinity of Kingston, and his numerous pictorial souvenirs of that region confirm its reputation as being one of the most beautiful, quiet spots in the country. Its broad meadows, spread out beneath ample sky-room, diversified by the winding stream, and the clumps of trees that flank its side, present the best possible opportunities for the study and enjoyment of sunlight and shadow.—Mr. Bellows has been located in the same region, devoting his pencil to the study of figures and to sketches of such of the old Dutch tenements as still remain to keep us in mind of the early settlers of this region.—Mr. Durand's sketches this year embrace rock studies on the Catskills and brook scenes, etc., at Woodstock and Campton, New Hampshire.—Mr. Richards also gives us a series of studies at West Campton, which are the best productions of his pencil.—Mr. Coleman has been again amongst his favorite mountains of New Hampshire. This year he has indulged in the grander features of the region. His sketches give us an insight into the huge passes of the rock-built mountains, with naked cliffs thousands of feet high, running along in vast walls into the blue distance. We think these sketches are very successful, as they are beautiful and interesting.—Mr. Shattuck brings home numerous fruitful and interesting studies, the fruit of a remarkable indus-

try. He describes the scenery of the western slope of the Virginia Alleghenies, through which he journeyed early in the summer, as possessing in an eminent degree the elements of picturesque beauty. The banks of the Kanawha rise from the water in vast perpendicular cliffs of rock—surpassing, probably, in gigantic grandeur and picturesque proportion, any features of the kind on our continent. We incline to the belief that this, to artists, a hitherto almost unexplored region, will yet become a favorite haunt of the landscapists. Mr. Shattuck has also spent a portion of the season in the Shawangunk Mountains, upon the headwaters of the Esopus.—Mr. J. M. Hart, formerly of Albany, but now a resident of this city, has on his easel three landscapes, suggested by scenery in the upper counties of the State of New York. Since the sale at auction of Mr. Burt's collection, in which there were examples of his works, Mr. Hart has received several commissions, a fact we are glad to chronicle in these "hard times."—Mr. Tait still continues to paint those quail and partridge subjects, which have made his name famous in the land. He occasionally adds to these subjects a hunting-scene, in which bears and deer figure conspicuously. Mr. T. is also studying landscape, with marked improvement.

Mr. Gray has just finished a miniature painting—the subject "Venus"—which is very conspicuous for delicacy of execution and beauty of drawing and color. It is truly a gem.—Mr. C. C. Ingham, whose works rarely come before the public, still pursues his Art as faithfully and as successfully as in former days. He has lately completed a full-length portrait of a boy, the son of Jacob Little.

In continuation of our New York studio intelligence, we quote a few items from the *Boston Transcript*. That paper informs us that "Church is preparing to elaborate his recent South American studies;—Fagnani has passed six weeks in Paris to great advantage, and is at work upon a very promising full-length female portrait—in color, expression and drawing, indicative of much and wise study;—Lawrence, the English artist, has just finished what is literally a *speaking* likeness of Hon. B. F. Butler;—F. Wenzler is engaged on one of his peerless miniatures, and three oil portraits. Eugenio Latilla, the brother-in-law of Freeman, has removed into the country adjacent, in order the better to attend to rural architecture—his *spécialité*; one of his last achievements is a modified form of the Gothic cottage, built at Perth Amboy, for Mrs. Kirkland, the authoress, and another is a barn—such as the whole land cannot outvie—an ideal barn—its economy, planned by an agriculturist, and the architectural drawings executed by Latilla; it was erected in Westchester county for Horace Greeley, and he may well be proud thereof. Latilla is the only artist here who is master of that peculiar and ancient style of internal decoration, traces of which, still fresh, may be seen in the old Roman structures, where, by the admixture of wax and the burning in of the pictorial ornaments, a prominent, bright, and rich artistic decoration is secured. He has adorned the home of Cyrus W. Field, of transatlantic telegraph fame, in this way, and it is greatly admired."

The Washington Art Association have arranged with Mr. J. L. Weston, No. 765 Broadway, to receive and forward pictures intended for its exhibition. See addition to advertisement on the cover.

Boston, November, 1857.

Dear Crayon:

"We are in daily expectation of the arrival of Powers' statue of Webster, which is to be exhibited in the vestibule of the

Beacon street Athenæum during the winter. In the spring it will be inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies, and placed where the committee may decide.—By request of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Hon. Edward Everett has presented to that institution his bust in marble, by Hiram Powers. When Mr. Powers learned the destination of the bust, he wished to execute it gratuitously; but to that Mr. Everett would not consent, and as the sculptor would only accept the price of the marble and of the actual expense of the work, it was presented to the Association as the mutual gift of the orator and the artist.—Mr. Wight has a portrait of Mr. Everett on exhibition at the rooms of A. A. Childs & Co., Tremont street.—Now that the building for the Public Library is nearly completed, liberal Bostonians have a good opportunity to patronize Art, by giving our sculptors commissions for portraits and busts of eminent men with which to adorn its walls. Such patronage to be useful ought not to be bestowed upon one or two persons, but should be impartially distributed among all meritorious artists.—We are hoping that the Athenæum exhibition may be kept open this winter. It seems hardly right that the only collection of paintings and statuary which our city contains should be closed so many months during the year; the fault, however, rests with the public rather than with the institution, as I understand the directors would keep it open permanently did it receive sufficient patronage to warrant them in so doing.—Miss Hosmer's statue of the "Cenci," which you have doubtless seen ere this, was visited while at "Cotton's" by twelve or fourteen hundred persons daily.—Some time since a sculptor showed me a deer beautifully modelled in bread (a new material in plastic Art), by a young woman who was entirely ignorant of drawing. The animal, which was about an inch and a half in length—though executed in a most unpromising material—equalled in delicacy and anatomical accuracy the best Swiss carving I ever saw. The most singular part of the affair was, that the young woman had no control over her Art, but when asked to model a horse would produce a deer or wild boar, or *vice versa*. She was wholly unaware of the value and rarity of the talent which she possessed. With proper artistic culture she would undoubtedly become as great a sculptor of animals as Rosa Bonheur is a painter. I have made several attempts to find her, but regret to say that thus far I have been unsuccessful. She was from the British Provinces, and has probably returned there.—Last Wednesday's *Courier* contained an admirably-written biographical sketch of the late lamented Crawford. It is supposed to be from the pen of his friend, George S. Hillard.—The present money pressure affects artists quite as much as it does business men; but we all keep up our spirits, in the firm belief that "there is a good time coming." JF.

In addition to the above, another Boston correspondent favors us with the following;

Boston, Nov., 1857.

"Among those who love Art, and are true workers in the field, I would name S. L. Gerry, one of our best artists, and whose pictures combine poetry, and truth to Nature rarely excelled. He has just finished two landscapes of great beauty, from the mountain region near Campton, N. H.—S. W. Griggs, a young landscape artist, shows in his last pictures a fine feeling for color, and is making rapid strides in his profession. Some sketches from Newport, by this artist, are very truthful to Nature.—M. G. Wheelock, water-color artist, has a local reputation of being our best painter in that department,

his pictures being full of brilliant color.—S. P. Hodgden, one of our most promising young painters, has just finished a fine picture of the view from the Flume House looking down the valley.—W.

OUR Boston correspondent, "F.," in the November number, seems to have been in doubt as to whom to credit the figure of "Nydia." This piece of sculpture is by Mr. Randolph Rogers. The original, that in Boston being a duplicate, is in the possession of Mrs. Holbrook, of this city.

MR. JOHN T. PEELE is about to leave Liverpool, and take up his residence on the Isle of Wight. He has some pictures in progress that may be looked for at the next exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

T. B. READ, Rothermel, Whitridge, G. L. Brown, Tilton, Montelant, Hazeltine, and Page are now in Rome.

CRAWFORD'S LAST STATUE.—The equestrian statue of Washington, for the State monument at Richmond—the last work of the lamented artist—has arrived in James River, on board the Dutch brig Walburg, and is at once to be forwarded to its destination.

THE BEATRICE CENCI.

WHEN Miss Hosmer had completed the first head that she modelled in Rome, as a pupil of Mr. Gibson, she submitted it to that master for comment, and stood by his side awaiting his opinion. After a few moments' examination of the work, Mr. Gibson pronounced his verdict: "Miss Hosmer, there's merit in it." "Mr. Gibson," said she, "don't lie." Since that time, about five years ago, Miss Hosmer has completed several works that support Mr. Gibson's judgment, while the statue of Beatrice Cenci, the last and most important of all, not merely sustains early promise, but exhibits powers and aims which lead one to look forward to successes of the noblest description.

The story of Beatrice Cenci is well known. If tradition be true, she was guilty of justifiable parricide—justifiable, if the law of nature warrants self-preservation, with no law of man or society to appeal to for protection: she was condemned to die, and the statue represents the fair sufferer in prison. The Boston Courier has so well described the statue, we quote the description from that paper:

"Miss Hosmer has chosen the night before the execution for the idealization of her subject, and Beatrice appears recumbent and sleeping, upon a block of stone, to which the ring affixed reminds us, as far as well could be in the accompaniments of a statue, of the prison itself, and the fatal condition of the condemned slumberer. Her attitude gives the impression of profound, yet of exhausted, rather than easy, repose. She reclines partly on her side, yet the upper part of her person is thrown forward and brought into such a posture, that her chest presses the pillow of her pallet. The elbow of the bended right arm extends above the head, which rests upon the back of the hand beneath it, while the left arm falls easily across the body, the back of the open hand resting upon the base of the marble beneath; and slightly intertwined with the delicate fingers is the rosary appropriate to her religious faith. One of her lower limbs is drawn up, beneath its fellow exquisitely inouled, which is extended in a natural and graceful posture, falling beyond and beneath the upper line of the edge of the block upon which she reposes."

Considering the limits of sculpture as a vehicle for expression, it is a question whether a subject like that of Beatrice Cenci is not better adapted to the painter's than to the sculptor's art—whether the marble can embody a full idealization of an event so tragical, and a character so excited and so intense as hers—whether art, to meet the previous conception of the mind, does not require the use of resources which sculpture does not pro-

vide for? Setting aside this point of view in regard to Miss Hosmer's statue, which renders its title somewhat arbitrary, we can contemplate the work as it is—a young girl asleep, and evidently so under circumstances foreign to the nature of so much loveliness. The face of Beatrice, in this statue, is beautiful, and its aspect of repose is quietly and tenderly impressive, and infinitely superior in character to the insipid portrait by Guido, which, through the magical descriptive power of a poet—almost always the poorest judges of pictorial or plastic art—has become such a popular object of art-idolatry. We turn from the head of the statue to the position in which the figure lies, and find this equally impressive. She has evidently thrown herself down to take what slumber her miserable couch will afford. The contraction of the limbs strikes us as natural and easy, and the arrangement of the drapery unstudied and appropriate. Next come the hands, which are beautiful, also the slipped foot; both these features show refinement and true delicate perception, and contribute greatly towards the impression which the statue makes. Without dwelling upon other points worthy of notice, we would only make one general criticism upon the statue, and that is, its effect would be heightened somewhat if its attitude could have been made to show a little less constraint—if there could have been somewhat more of muscular relaxation, so as to give the figure a more "yielding" appearance. In other respects its defects are trifling. One quality the statue is conspicuous for—originality; bold, firm, and independent treatment of the thought intended. There is in it no evidence of copyism of any kind, and in this respect, as an artist's early production, is entitled to the highest commendation. Miss Hosmer and the country have, in our opinion, every reason to be proud of it—and we do not "lie" in saying so.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absence of works by artists of the French school, whose names sustain its reputation, the present exhibition furnishes a good opportunity for obtaining an idea of French Art. The more we contemplate the collection the more do we recognize the great excellence of the French school. Adding what is known of its diverse productions to what we see here, some idea can be realized of its grasp and compass of thought, and of its superior artistic development. Its range of subject embraces quite as high a standard of Art-expression as any school of modern times, if we can estimate its standard by the intrinsic merit of individual works, or by comparison of the ideas treated by it with those of other schools: The French artist, in painting his feeling, places the subject of his thought on canvas, so permeated with beauty that neither he nor we, as we contemplate his work, can analyze the method pursued, or give the mind up to metaphysical quibbling concerning the wisdom or foolishness of his idea. What Ruskin said of one of Frère's pictures we would say of the school generally, "If this be imperfect Art, we do not know what perfect Art is."

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE first season closes on the first of December, to re-open in a few days. The receipts of the exhibition have thus far been larger than was anticipated. The galleries have been extensively visited, and the public have enjoyed an entertainment which has proved not only agreeable but highly instructive. Miss Hosmer's "Beatrice Cenci" has contributed much to the interest of the exhibition.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.—The fatal termination of Mr. Crawford's disease, which had been so long foreseen, did not surprise his friends when the news of the event reached this country. Mr. Crawford died on the 10th of October, in London, of a cancer behind the eye, the progress of which affection our readers are familiar with. Mr. Crawford was born in New York, March 22d, 1814, and was forty-three years of age at the time of his death. In early boyhood he was threatened with a mercantile life, but manifesting a stronger love for Art than for business, he was placed with Messrs. Frazee and Launitz, sculptors, who were about the only representatives of the profession of the sculptor in this city at that day. From their studio he is said to have passed to that of Thorwaldsen, in Rome, in which city he has since steadily pursued his professional career. He went to Rome at about the age of twenty-one years, in 1835, from which period to the time when the disease which terminated his life obliged him to leave it for medical advice, an interval of twenty-one years, Mr. Crawford has been a resident of Rome, scarcely leaving it, except for an occasional visit to his native land.

While thus devoted to his profession, Mr. Crawford has produced works that show an unusual variety of sculptural effort, a list of which embraces several prominent portrait and ideal busts, a large number of bas-reliefs, and many single statues, together with the most important monumental works the country has seen. A list of Mr. Crawford's works presents a range of subject and an opportunity for the display of an artist's genius that is as yet unparalleled in our history of Art. We are unable at present to furnish a reliable statement of the various subjects treated by Mr. Crawford; we can only allude to those we are familiar with, that seem to be the concentrated expression of his genius. Of his early works, the statue of Orpheus, now in the Boston Athenæum, is the most conspicuous. As this statue, however, embodies more of a pupil's admiration of classic Art, than a master's devotion to nature and originality, and however meritorious, can only stand as the fruit of successful copyism, we turn from the dead fancies of mythology to find his true genius in those creations upon which his fame will rest, such as the figures that embody national character and ideas, in the Richmond monument, and in the numerous statues designed for the Capitol-extension. These are distinctively original works, typical of the present, and they are of positive historic ideal significance. In the pediment-group for the Capitol, and in the bronze doors, we especially find the concrete expression of Mr. Crawford's artistic power, in the "Mechanic," the "Back-woodsman," the "Scholar," and the "Soldier." These figures reveal artistic mastery of subject, and come before us true, healthy inspirations of the sculptor's spirit. And so with the fine, animated statue of Patrick Henry, for the Richmond Monument. Mr. Crawford seems to have felt great sympathy for the manly energy of such a character, and to have breathed the breath of his own vigorous nature into the stone he fashioned. Perhaps the most impressive of his statues (if we can judge by a photograph) is a figure modelled for the pinnacle of the Capitol-dome, which is to be cast in bronze, and called the "Genius of America." For originality and a higher imaginative treatment, this statue, we think, is unsurpassed by any of his works; its effective grandeur reveals the elements of a higher ideal perception; we fancy we see in it an expansion of feeling, the growth of which

has been stimulated by increasing powers, a finer opportunity and a nobler subject.

We do not aim to do justice to Mr. Crawford's genius in the mere glance at impressions produced by his works suggested by his melancholy fate; suffice it to say, that in his death the corps of artists has lost one of its ablest members, and the country one of its most valuable artistic historians. In private life Mr. Crawford was a beloved husband and father, and a warm and true friend. He was active, energetic, and unusually faithful to his profession, and deeply interested in its general development. In his conversation, while on his late visit to this country, he showed a full consciousness of the great professional advantages he enjoyed; this was apparent in the manner in which he spoke of the real value of his early study and productions, all of which he merely considered as the alphabet of practice to enable him to produce the national monuments which the age called for, and which he considered to be the most advantageous for an artist's fame. Mr. Crawford is removed in the midst of a brilliant career, and in the full maturity of his powers. How painful and how sad his fate is, can be best appreciated by those who can understand the nature of his position, and are able to enjoy the beautiful sight presented by a noble ambition in full play, unfettered by any ills of worldly circumstance.

BOOK NOTICES.

MRS. JAMESON AGAIN.*—We read everything of Mrs. Jameson's with the satisfaction of knowing it is the production of an eminently *truthful* mind. Her criticisms in Art have pleased us because of their unspoliated natural outpourings. She is decidedly an appreciator, necessarily with her kindly nature, and when she looks at a thing, she does not discover its faults till after its beauties are made known to her. The work before us dates some years back, but there is in it the same tokens of character and mind. A poet's love with her has another side than that of use to the satirists, and a better commentary on the passion we know not than this charming book.

GLIMPSES OF NINEVEH,† is a series of letters supposed to be interchanged between a resident of Nineveh and a friend in Babylon, B.C. 690, in which the author sets forth the domestic and public life of a government functionary in the days of Sennacherib. The characteristics of these two great cities of antiquity are pleasantly set forth. The book contains many excellent passages descriptive of character and of the peculiar monumental features that invest Assyrian antiquity with so much interest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.‡—This new magazine, beautifully printed, and gotten up in excellent style, contains the wisdom and humor of some of the best of New England's literary men. One of its chief aims will be a department of Art, embracing "the whole domain of æsthetics," in which every phase of Art is to be treated of. Painting leads off in the present number (November), under the flag of "The Manchester Exhibition." The article is written in an appreciative spirit, concluding with a thoughtful consideration of Pre-Raphaelitism. We can do no more at present than wish the *Atlantic Monthly* every success, and state that we cordially welcome its promises in relation to Art.

* "Memoirs of Loves of the Poets." By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. *Blue and gold.*

† "Glimpses of Nineveh." Miller and Curtis. New York: 1857.

‡ "The Atlantic Monthly." Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston: 1857.